

The Critic

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Literature

Gosse's "History of Eighteenth Century Literature"

THE NEW coöperative four-volume history of English literature is moving forward with a speed sufficient to satisfy the reader, and yet with the slowness demanded by thorough work. Mr. Saintsbury's study of the Elizabethan period, the second part of the tetralogy, was the first to appear and was discussed in THE CRITIC of February 4, 1888. Now comes Mr. Gosse's review of Eighteenth Century literature; Mr. Brooke on the pre-Elizabethan period, and Prof. Dowden on modern writers, are yet to address the public of readers.

Few English writers, even in these days of multiplied criticism, are so familiar as Mr. Gosse with the Eighteenth Century and its English literature exponents. Of the manufacture and application of the rhymed pentameters of that pseudo-'classic' time Mr. Gosse has already made interesting and suggestive studies. 'Alexander Pope,' a younger writer has lately said, with no small cleverness, 'bound English verse with a ten-linked chain, the merit of which was in its exquisite polish and in the charming tinkling of its ends.' How all this came to pass, from Edmund Waller to the decline of Horatianism in Britain, none knows better than Mr. Gosse, whose studies must continue to be serviceable notwithstanding a somewhat excessive attention to Waller, who, after all, was but an inheritor of unfulfilled renown, a sort of *primus inter pares* in a disastrous period. The present volume concisely and helpfully restates Mr. Gosse's theories and statements concerning Pope and his associates; it traces backward the sources of artificiality; and, better still, it reminds us not only of the semi-romanticism of Gray and Collins, but even of the foregleams of the great Nineteenth Century dawn that shone faintly, but distinctly, in Dryden, Ramsay, and Hamilton of Bangour. It would have been well had Mr. Gosse set forth, with equal clearness and fulness, the prototypes of later fiction in Addison, whose *Spectator* really anticipated the subsequent portrayals of typical British human nature, in significant scenes and episodes. To this fact Mr. Gosse gives but a single short allusion. As for the details of treatment, some readers will deem that Mr. Gosse is somewhat less than just to Samuel Richardson, and possibly even to Goldsmith; but such disagreements among critics are inevitable. A historical criticism of literature that should approve itself to all would be impossible if desirable, and worthless if possible. The stronger the special antagonisms aroused, other things being equal, the better the book; though, of course, neither Mr. Gosse nor any other sound critic is foolish enough to attempt to 'reverse history,' or to celebrate with noisy paradox some particular fad. Nothing could be better than the general sanity and serenity of this well-read and graceful writer, who combines the moral sense with the artistic, and the personal perceptive faculty with the needful spirit of candor and catholicity.

The present volume emphasizes both the gain and the loss of the 'syndicate' idea in history or criticism. Special-

ists treat competently of distinct themes, with manifest advantage in the matter of authoritativeness. But perspective is distorted and harmony almost destroyed. Notwithstanding the evident sympathy and interchange of thought between Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Gosse, the juxtaposition of their books in this series is unfortunate for both. Saintsbury's style is eccentric and sometimes grotesque; it has been truly said that no critic of equal standing so often offends against the laws of rhetoric; while Gosse's English is as fluent and agreeable as need be. With Saintsbury the idea is paramount, with Gosse the expression; the former at his worst proffers awkwardly-expressed thought, while the reader is sometimes forced to make an earnest search for any thought in Mr. Gosse's flawless sentences. A union of the merits of the two would be desirable; but if only one is to be had, we prefer Saintsbury's queer incisiveness. Such union, it may be said in passing, is visible in the work of a third contemporary critic, Andrew Lang. Again, it is both lucky and unlucky that a monotonously excellent writer should have been assigned a monotonously excellent period. A poet and critic who actually is satisfied with the poetic character of the descriptions or analyses proffered by Dr. Johnson in 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' is in one sense the worst man to whom to allot the discussion of the Johnsonian period. But—for the plaster with which, according to the adage, every criticism should close—it is to be said that Mr. Gosse pleasantly exemplifies, late in the Nineteenth Century, something of the art of the Eighteenth; and that he may yet allow himself, in his books, more of the freedom of raillery, or strenuousness of assertion, which he permits himself in the anonymous newspaper work commonly credited to his pen.

"Authors at Home"

AUTHORS AT HOME, like soldiers in undress, are often viewed more sympathetically the more informally they are approached, and one of the abounding fruits of sympathy is, always, more accurate knowledge. In these interesting, sketches, originally appearing in THE CRITIC, we are 'chaperoned' and 'ciceroned' in each case by an intimate friend, and introduced under the most favorable circumstances to more than a score of American authors (including one Canadian), all of whom figure constantly in literature and the magazines, in permanent or ephemeral authorship, as poets, romancers, historians or essayists, the interior glimpses given of each and all are delightful. Men and women who were only names become living creatures, and talk charmingly of themselves and their harmless egotisms. It is like paying a morning call to read the *bossetti* of Bancroft or Stedman, Mrs. Howe or Cable, Goldwin Smith or Dudley Warner. Each author, of course, gently protests against being niched and pedestaled as a god or a goddess; but the praise is judiciously given, and there is a feeling that it is sincere admiration that has evoked each sketch. The door is slightly pushed ajar, the literary interviewer is asked in; a *rapproch* is immediately established; and the result is a pleasant water-color 'impression' of this or that hard working author who has admitted you temporarily to his intimacy.

Thus, it is delightful to peep in on the Stoddards, and find them anchored in such a haven of books and *bric-à-brac* and literary memorials as they live among. A *portière* is drawn aside, and Aldrich is revealed to us surrounded by the dainty tastes that make his poems and stories veritable objects of *vertu*. Here is John Burroughs smiling and philosophizing among the leaves and flowers; yonder is Whittier brooding over a ballad or filing a line that will 'spin forever down the ringing grooves of change'; over the way are the Egglestons, with their large, generous Westernism, their full minds and vivacious intellects. Turning a corner, we are brought face to face with the venerable Mrs. Stowe, and

* A History of Eighteenth Century Literature (1660-1780). By Edmund Gosse. \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Authors at Home. Personal and Biographical sketches of Well-known American Writers. Edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. \$1.50, \$4, \$5. New York: Cassell & Co

learn how beautifully that lost grace of our grandmothers—the art of growing old—is rediscovered in her and wrought into a fine art. 'Uncle Remus' emerges briskly from his Ethiopians; Mark Twain twinkles like a frosty night; Goldwin Smith buttonholes you and expresses (*privatissime* of course!) his skepticism as to America yet having produced a really great author. Parkman's wonderfully strenuous, picturesque histories are found to grow up like magic beneath his fingers, in spite of their author (like Prescott) being nearly blind. George William Curtis talks again from 'The Easy Chair,' and shows how true a censorship may be voluntarily exercised by a man of refinement and incisiveness. Col. John Hay is found in his pleasant drawing-room, which is near an old Church in Washington where Dolly Madison exhibited her frills and her fervor: the Hay of 'Castilian Days' and 'Pike County Ballads.' Another Colonel—the accomplished Higginson—figures on the next page, and of him and his varied day a vivid *genre*-picture is given. Dr. Holmes sparkles with wit over the brimming tea-cup as he glances out of the big bay window of his study, and one is permitted (a little quizzically) to look up at the ancestral portrait of 'Dorothy Q.' Mrs. Howe, comfortably enshrined in her Newport villa, talks philanthropy or transcendentalism at will. Mr. Howells looks out humorously from spacious windows and catches scraps of incomparable character as they float down Boston streets. Charles Godfrey Leland is deep in gypsy lore and industrial fine art. Elmwood glows anew with the rich presence of Lowell; while Ik Marvel brings out his fine collection of the autographs of Irving, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor and Dickens. Much is told us by an intimate friend of Walt Whitman, whose head of silver and heart of gold gleam in these sympathetic pages as seldom before.

In short, nowhere else can we find more graphic miniatures of writers now prominent before the public. 'Mes chansons, c'est moi,' said Béranger. Of Béranger that may be true; but how much delight might we have had out of the matchless singer, had some faithful friend painted of him such a miniature—a circle no larger than a gold napoleon, yet replete with features at once characteristic and admirable!

Galton's "Natural Inheritance" *

MR. GALTON'S latest contribution to his favorite department of science is one which has a personal interest for all of us. We like to be told, by an eminent man of science, how our bodies and minds are made up, how our faculties originated, and how we are connected by natural ties with our ancestors, our posterity, and the people about us. These are the problems which Mr. Galton has studied, and which he attempts to solve in the present work. His method, here as elsewhere, is not that of speculation or abstract reasoning, but of observation and the accumulation of facts; and these facts are so numerous that they can be made the subjects of arithmetical calculation, and the conclusions be set forth in algebraic form.

Statistics illustrated (or darkened) by algebra are usually anything but attractive reading; and Mr. Galton, with all his talent, has not been able to free his book from this somewhat repellent character. Probably, looking at it as a work of pure science, he has not cared particularly to do so. It must also be said that he does not evince in any large measure the special faculty which the greatest leaders in science, from Aristotle to Darwin, have commonly possessed—that of presenting the profoundest thoughts in language so clear that the average reader can readily comprehend them.

Mr. Galton obtained an immense number of facts relating to the inheritance of personal traits, physical and mental, by the simple method of advertising the gift of prizes in various sums (amounting altogether to about \$2500) to persons furnishing him with their family records according to a care-

fully devised and comprehensive scheme prepared by him. These facts he compared, analyzed and tabulated; and from such data and other like evidence (including, in the vegetable world, that of the successive growths of 'generations' of sweet-peas) he has deduced the conclusions announced in the present volume. The most remarkable circumstance, perhaps, about most of these conclusions is, that though the mode of proving them is new, the conclusions themselves do not seem so, but rather, when explained, are found to be such as the popular mind has always held. We feel in reading them much as we might if a skilled surveyor, after a careful triangulation, should pronounce the broad river before us to have just about the width which we, with our unassisted eyesight, had always assigned to it.

Thus we learn that though individuals in a community differ greatly in stature, and though an excessively tall or short stature is frequently transmitted from parent to child, yet, in the long run, there is a tendency in all families to approach (by what Mr. Galton styles regression) to the average stature of the community to which they belong. So he has ascertained that neither stature nor temper has any marked influence on marriage—the tall and short, the gentle and the morose, pairing about as readily with each other as with their like. Perhaps the only point—but that a very notable one—in which the author's conclusions run counter to common notions, or rather to a popular theory of our day, is his opinion in regard to the inheritance of acquired qualities. In his judgment there is no such inheritance. Successive generations of men do not, in the mass, improve in capacity, or change in character. Each generation resembles, in the main, that which precedes it and that which follows it, in all natural traits and faculties, both of body and of mind. Each child brings into the world with it the germs of all that its own offspring will be; and these germs it has inherited from its ancestors. So far as natural endowments are concerned, we belong to a chain which extends from the first to all subsequent generations, and is of equal size throughout. This is a striking view; and yet, on further consideration, we find that it is, after all, the view which the majority of men have always unconsciously cherished. That our forefathers were men like-minded with ourselves has been a tacit sentiment with most of us. The contrary view, which looks back to an ancestry not only poorer in knowledge but feebler in intellect than ourselves, is rather a product of modern speculation, which Mr. Galton's conclusions tend to set aside. His book, on the whole, is valuable not so much for any new discoveries in science, as for the force of demonstration by which he confirms the conclusions to which the 'common sense of most' had already arrived.

Richard Jefferies' "Field and Hedgerow" *

THESE last essays of Richard Jefferies are, in some important respects, his best work, and perhaps the best that was possible to him. In them, he has tried to express from the accumulated observations of the naturalist some essence of poetry and doctrine; has, to use his own metaphor, attempted to scale the mound of facts which he and others have gathered, and to take a general prospect. If he had lived, he might have come to see more broadly and more clearly, yet hardly to have conceived anything very different from what is here presented; he might have constructed and set forth a completer creed, yet made no better impression on his reader. Most of us are more thankful for a hint which may jump with our inclination than for a system sure to cross it at some point. The monitions scattered through these pages regarding the indifference of nature, the subjectivity of beauty, the all-importance of man to man are in the way of detached observations, just like those others upon July grasses, and deer in the forest, and clouds in the sky.

* Natural Inheritance. By Francis Galton. \$2.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Field and Hedgerow. By Richard Jefferies. \$1.75. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In the essay which begins the volume Jefferies notes the last rigors of a long winter, its snows, hail-storms and continual frost, the hardships borne by cottagers out of work and Gypsies under their thin shelter on the open common; and then, in his own mind, the conviction which has sprung up there, that there is nothing in or over nature which cares for man or for life. So when, in the course of a summer walk in the fields, he feels the old pagan instinct stirring in him and desires to give human form and a breath of divinity to the influences that affect him, and when he afterwards finds in the Crouching Venus in the Louvre the very shape he tried to conjure up, he does not claim nor try to prove the naturalness of this way of thinking, but jots it down, an observation upon himself. Though the reader become conscious that it is these and the like views that give color and consistency to the book, he is not thrown on the defensive; for the whole is given but for what it may be worth, as an account of a single person's experience. As well quarrel with his natural history as with his anthropomorphic promptings, or with his visions of social and economic ruin impending. These things, too, though they strike the reader forcibly, take but little space from his descriptions of nature and the life about him, of hop-harvesting, of Gypsy cookery and the dissenting elder's country Sunday. All sorts of curious scraps of wayside and wood-side knowledge are held together in this bond, like the vegetables, meat and herbs gathered from twenty miles around in the Gypsy's savory *bouillon*. Now it is the effect of succulent food on the production of sweetbreads, with a resulting suggestion for the benefit of consumptives—that they take plenty of liquid nutriment. Again, it is the laborer who was dreadfully frightened by a glance through a telescope at the moon, at the rocks and mountains, whirling around every night over our heads, with whom we are made acquainted. We learn that at the foot of the birchtree the bark grows very thick, and that goldsmiths prefer the charcoal made from it to anything else, for soldering. Swallows can guess, we are told, on the other side of the Channel, when it is a poor year for insects in England, and do not cross over. A swallow is explained to be a machine for turning gravity into a motive force: they fall head-foremost, the outspread wings check their descent, and the impetus carries them up again. A cottager's wife was delighted with the prospect of emigrating to America; for she would have a week's rest on shipboard. The ants are far ahead of man; have reached a species of millennium; they have no parasites, or diseases, to speak of.

Unlike most naturalists, Jefferies understood and valued art. Among the best papers in his book are those on the Venus Accroupie, 'Nature in the Louvre,' and 'Field Sports in Art.' The last-named is mainly an appreciative notice of that wonder of ancient art, the incised drawing of a mammoth on a piece of the animal's tusk, the work of some old cave-man. It is his constant taking account of the human interest, wherever it is to be found, that makes Jefferies' essays so readable. Man may be dropped out of sight in his Sussex lanes and woods; but he is never out of mind for more than a few pages at a time.

Five Recent Books of Verse *

IN THE OPINION of Mr. William Sharp, the era of romanticism in literature is dawning. He says in his dedicatory note to 'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy' (1): 'The tides of literature, like those of Ocean, have their inevitable periods of ebb and flow; and the new tide that the moon of imagination is about to induce will be closely analogous to that upon whose crest were borne the Elizabethan poets. . . . A prevalent keen appreciation of form has led to the crowning of the God of Metre as the

Deity of the Groves of Poetry, with the charming nymph, Fancy, as his priestess; while the maiden, Imagination, has been disinherited and allowed to wander forth at her own disconsolate will.' We hope he is correct in regard to the literary tide, and trust to see the disconsolate maiden, Imagination, reinstated. This little book, with its four romantic ballads and seven poems of phantasy, is a strong argument in Mr. Sharp's favor; the verses are all highly imaginative and romantic. The leading poem is a ballad called 'The Weird of Michael Scott,' in which there are many stirring passages—none more so than these closing stanzas:

Then awe, and fear, and wild dismay
O'ercame mad Michael, ashy grey,
With eyes as of one newly dead:
If wi' my sword I canna slay,
Thou'lt dree my weird when it is said!
'Whate'er you be, man, beast, or sprite,
I wind ye round wi' a sheet o' light—
Aye, round and round your burning frame
I cast by spell o' wizard might
A fierce undying sheet of flame!
Swift as he spoke a thing sprang out,
A man-like thing, all hemmed about
With blazing, blasting burning fire!
The wind swoop'd wi' a demon-shout
And whirled the red flame higher and higher!
* * * * *
The air was like a furnace-blast
And all the dome of heaven one vast
Expanse of flame and fiery wings:
To the cliff's edge, ere all be past,
With shriek on shriek lost Michael springs.
But none can hear his bitter call,
None, none can see him sway and fall—
Yea, one there is that shrills his name!
'O God, it is my ain lost saul
That I hae girt wi' deathless flame!'
* * * * *
Body and soul together swing
Adown the night until they fling
The hissing sea-spray far and wide:
At morn the fresh sea-wind will bring
A black corpse tossing on the tide.

Of the other poems, 'The Son of Allan' and 'The Death-Child' are particularly good; the former is a vigorous ballad of tragedy and the latter a weird conception very imaginative in treatment. Altogether we think Mr. Sharp has done much to hasten the dawn of romantic poetry, and is himself a poet possessed of a fine imagination.

To say that Mr. George Meredith's 'A Reading of Earth' (2) is a very dry reading is to speak only the truth; and it is not only dry but hard. The book is a sort of poetical Sahara whose oases are few, small, and far apart; and to peruse it is to experience a discomfort not unlike that which one finds when riding on the ship of the desert. It is not necessary that poetry to be good should require several readings to make it intelligible, nor is it wise to follow the Latin construction in one's English compositions. Obscurity is Mr. Browning's private hobby, and it will not pay any lesser poet to grow covetous of this steed. Muddy streams are not necessarily deep. We are fond of Mr. Meredith's stories and we should be glad to admire his poetry, but we cannot bring ourselves to the point of liking such difficult reading as this.

Of the verses which make up 'Songs of Toil' (3) many have appeared in *The Independent*, of which the poetical editor is Mr. John Eliot Bowen. Mr. Bowen has translated these verses written by the Roumanian Queen, Elizabeth, who calls herself Carmen Sylva; and he has done his work very well. It is of course probable that the reader who is unfamiliar with German will miss some of the charm that exists in the original. Mr. Bowen realizes this; and at the close of his interesting introductory sketch of the royal poet he says frankly: 'Read the original, those who can; the

* 1. Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy. By Wm. Sharp. London: Walter Scott. 2. A Reading of Earth. By George Meredith. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 3. Songs of Toil. By Carmen Sylva. \$1. New York: F. A. Stokes & Bro. 4. Hesper: an American Drama. By Wm. R. Thayer. \$1. Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever. 5. Accolon of Gaul, with Other Poems. By Madison J. Cawein. \$1. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.

translation, those who must.' Those who can read the German are given the opportunity, the original and translation being printed side by side.

The person who has heretofore masqueraded as Paul Hermes comes forward now with 'Hesper: An American Drama' (4) and announces himself as Mr. William Roscoe Thayer. From what we remember of them we are inclined to prefer Paul Hermes' verses to Mr. Thayer's drama, wherein the *dramatis personæ* ride the high horse of rhetoric and talk in a very pompous style of blank-verse which is hard to associate with a time so modern as 1860. Yet the book is not altogether uninteresting, nor is the blank-verse altogether blank. Witness this:

And were all Britain rotting in her grave,
Shakspeare has cut an epitaph to make
Her fame immortal.

Scattered through the play are three or four songs, and one is so graceful, that we cannot withstand the temptation to quote it. It is called 'The Violin's Complaint':

Honest Stradivari made me:
With the gift of love he blest me:
Once—delight! a master played me,
Love awoke when he caressed me.

Oh the deep, ecstatic burning!
Oh the secrets low and tender!
Oh the rapture and the yearning,
And our love's complete surrender!

Heartless men, so long to hide me
'Mong the costly toys you cherish!
I'm a soul: again confide me
To a lover, ere I perish!

The date of Mr. Madison J. Cawein's first poetical venture was 1887; the date of his third is 1889. One need not look into 'Accolon of Gaul, with Other Poems' (5) to justify the opinion that this young man writes too much to write well. The chances that a beginner can make three fair-sized volumes of readable verse in less than three years are microscopic, and after reading Mr. Cawein's last volume we are compelled to say that he has not proven himself an exception. A few months ago, in the *Study of Harper's Monthly*, Mr. Howells wrote a sympathetic notice of this young man's second book, and the verses which he quoted there showed an originality of expression and force of language that were engaging. In the present volume the same qualities are to be found, but they are so lost in the writer's obscurity that one is apt to grow tired before discovering them. Moreover, the work is marred by an exuberance of obsolete verbiage, unwarranted orthography and impossible grammar, and most of all by a tropical sensuousness. Mr. Cawein has all the adjectives of all the dictionaries by the ears, and the way he runs them into a line is enough to stagger one: they weaken both his rhymes and his readers. We think the following stanza will exhibit the salient points of this Swinburnian-Poëan-Kentuckian:

What ogive gates from gold of Ophir wrought,
What walls of bastioned Parian, lucid rose,
What marts of crystal, for the eyes of Thought
Hast builded on what Islands of Repose!
Vague onyx columns ranked Corinthian,
Or piled Ionic, collonading heights
That loom above long burst of mythic seas;
Vast gynæceums of carnelian;
Mitaceous temples, far marmorean flights,
Where winds the arabesque and plastique frieze.

The poem which gives a title to the book is perhaps not so much of an architectural night-mare as this stanza from 'To Revery,' but it is just as faulty. Of 'Accolon of Gaul' we are tempted to say 'Omnis Gallia in partes tres divisa est'—good, bad and indifferent; the most powerful of these is the bad. We should advise this young poet to curb his snorting Pegasus and come down to a sober pace. He has unquestionable talent, but so long as he writes in his present obscure and flowery manner, no reader less patient and sympathetic than Mr. Howells will ever discover it.

Minor Notices

THE SECOND VOLUME of 'Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian,' arranged and edited as an introduction to the study of the Bible, by Prof. John P. Peters, deals, as did the first volume, with Hebrew literature. The arrangement and translation of the sacred writings are highly creditable to the distinguished scholar who has set himself so faithfully to the task which he has now concluded. (The third volume, on the New Testament writings, will be from the pen of Dr. E. T. Bartlett, Dean of the Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia.) Dr. Peters arranges his material in six parts—the history of the Jews from the exile to Nehemiah, Hebrew legislation, Hebrew tales, Hebrew prophecy, Hebrew poetry and Hebrew wisdom. Both at a glance and on careful reading, one is struck with the fact that practical and critical scholarship now run on parallel lines. Dr. Peters, an orthodox Episcopalian professor in a theological school, in telling the Bible stories and setting forth the codes, poems and prophecies in their simplest forms, finds himself in accord with most of the conclusions of the apostles of the 'higher criticism,' and what certain ultra-orthodox brethren too loosely stigmatize as the work of 'destructive critics.' Without intending his volumes to be vehicles of critical theories, he has greatly advanced for popular appreciation the 'cause' of Biblical scholarship. In one respect, however, he takes liberties which are entirely his own, and for which we cannot think that scholars of any 'wing' or 'side' will thank him. He inserts (pp. 44, 45) two Babylonian documents copied from clay tablets or inscriptions on stone; but on the other hand omits all reference to the Song of Songs. Why is this? Is not Canticles one of the Hebrew Scriptures? In neither volume is Canticles used or quoted from. Apart from its text as a love-poem, it certainly furnishes many side-lights on Hebrew history in Solomon's time. With this exception, the book is to be warmly commended as a work of excellent scholarship, which opens to scholars and the unlearned alike a hundred windows into the book that leads all others in human and deathless interest. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'WESTMINSTER AND OTHER SERMONS,' by the late Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, contains twenty-five of the scholarly and eloquent discourses of this able preacher. They are not only sound in doctrine, but they are remarkable for their simplicity and for their literary style. That they are eloquent need not be said, but they show a grace and charm of style found in few sermons, and these are added to directness and vigor of thought. They do not deal with speculative subjects, but with the great primary themes of Christianity and the everyday matters of the Christian life. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)—'A BRIEF HISTORY of Greek Philosophy,' by B. C. Burt, recently Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, has the merits of brevity, conciseness, systematic arrangement and comprehensive treatment. The author has not made a bare outline of the subject, but shows the relation of one system to another, and is especially happy in indicating the order of development of philosophic thought as exemplified in Greece. His book has constant reference to the philosophic problems which are now debated, and he makes the old discussions throw light on the new ones. His book can be highly commended to the reader who wishes a brief and accurate work on the subject, and it is equally well adapted to use as a textbook for colleges or study classes. (\$1.25. Ginn & Co.)

JUDGED by his writings, the Rev. James Morris Whiton, until recently better known as a profound classical scholar, may be ranked among our leading clergymen who think. His latest volume of sermons entitled 'The Law of Liberty,' preached at Anerly, in London, S. E., holds twelve strong, manly, meaty discourses. The sermon on Solomon is a modern presentation of the old story, and shows how deeply Dr. Whiton goes under the surface of tradition to get at what proverbially lies at the bottom of the well. 'The Mystery of Evil' is a fresh study of the old and insoluble problem. 'Is Deception Ever a Duty?' is the best discussion of an intensely practical subject the reviewer has ever read. The author answers that it is sometimes a duty, but his teaching will make neither liars our hypocrites nor prigs, like the George W. of Parson Weems's myth. The Trinity is set before us as a vital truth, and not as a piece of dogma-maker's handiwork. The occasional foot-note, here and there, is justified because spoken language has been committed to print. Yet as we could more fully believe Verestchagin's theories if he would not write pamphlets to prove them, but would let his pictures do their own interpretation and application, so we feel that to such a sermon as 'The Trinity,' foot-notes indicate more weakness than strength. The sermons must preach themselves, and Dr. Whiton can afford to do without notes. (\$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.)

Magazine Notes

ON opening the May *Harper's*, one is confronted by a full-page drawing of the Centennial ball, or what he takes to be such; but it proves to be a Court ball at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, sketched by Thulstrup as a frontispiece to the leading article, the first of the Vicomte Eugène de Vogüé's series of papers on 'Social Life in Russia.' The chapter abounds in illustrations from the same pencil. According to the Vicomte, the Russian social structure is a Gothic cathedral, of which the keystone, seemingly suspended in space but in reality supporting the whole weight of the edifice, is the Tsar, and the arches and columns the aristocracy. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, who declares himself a firm believer in 'the constant intervention of a Supreme Power,' and who accordingly has 'always endeavored to divine the intentions and designs of the Supreme Will which directs us'—a task for which he doubtless considers himself well qualified by his experience in learning the secrets of European diplomats,—tells how he got ahead of all his rival correspondents at Berlin, when the Treaty of July 13, 1878, was drawn up. It is a very interesting 'Chapter from my Memoirs' that this patron of princes spreads before us; and the portrait accompanying it dispels no illusions on the subject of his personal appearance. The 'body article'—to use a technical term—about which there is the greatest charm is F. Grant's 'The Royal Academy,' telling the tale of a venerable institution which is less venerable, as to years, than most readers probably are aware. The portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Lawrence and Gainsborough, the glimpses of the Academy building, and of Academicians 'Selecting the Pictures,' the fac-similes of the Reynolds funeral card, and of the diploma given to Associates,—these are among the illustrations that really illustrate a most interesting paper. Brander Matthews shows himself an optimist in 'The Dramatic Outlook in America,' 'Invention and ingenuity are recognized characteristics of our nation,' and they are 'two of the chief qualifications of the dramatist.' 'Social Agonies' is a Du Maurier that will not disappoint his appreciators. Mr. Curtis's chief themes, in the Chair, are the habit Americans have never escaped from, of taking sadly the pleasures as well as the serious things of life, and the break-down of the *London Times's* case against Parnell. Uncle Sam 'secured his independence much more efficiently than he celebrates it'—a fact which Mr. Curtis is not disposed to deplore.

Dr. Leroy M. Yale, known already as a physician, a skilful etcher, and an editorial contributor to *Babyhood*, proves now to be as deft a wielder of the rod as of the scalpel, etching-needle or pen. As joint contributor with J. G. Aylwin Creighton of the leading article in the current *Scribner's*, he does yeoman service in the popularization of winanishé fishing. 'The Land of the Winanishé' in the Province of Quebec is the scene of the exploits he records; and his own pencil, as well as that of M. J. Burns, has been employed to supplement the printed text and illustrate the graphic narrative. Readers who know nothing of 'The Freight-Car Service,' and are sometimes mildly surprised to see a car belonging to some road thousands of miles away side-tracked at the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Erie, or other railway-station in the neighborhood of New York, will learn much worth remembering from Theodore Voorhees's illustrated paper in this instalment of the Railway Series. Octave Thanet's 'Dilemma of Sir Guy the Neuter' is a well-told tale of the times of Bloody Queen Mary, the dialogue being in that antiquated English which is so much easier to the eye and ear of modern readers than the various dialects of the present day in which fiction-writers delight. Flashes of lightning, a building in flames at midnight, a human eye photographed in the sunlight and again taken by a flash light at night, a frog under water, and the surf breaking on the English coast—such are some of the illustrations that draw immediate attention to Prof. Trowbridge's paper on 'Photography,' and prompt any latter-day American who still lacks an amateur's outfit to at once buy, beg, borrow or otherwise possess himself of one. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who lives in one of the pleasantest old homesteads in the country, at Cambridge, Mass., deplures 'The Lack of Old Homes in America,' seeing in the nomadic habits of the people a serious threat to the honor and perpetuity of the Republic. Nothing in the number exceeds in attractiveness Eugene Schuyler's reminiscences, with portraits, etc., of 'Count Leo Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago.' These open with an account of the Moscow salon of Prince and Princess Odóiefsky and that of Katkof the journalist. Visits to, and highly interesting conversations with, the famous romancer and moralist are reported, and his family history and personal career conveniently summarized. 'Fiction as a Literary Form,' according to Hamilton W. Mabie, 'has steadily advanced in importance as the social idea has gained in clearness and control,' and is to-day 'the most attractive and influential form through which men of literary genius express themselves.'

A gentleman tightening the girth of a side-saddle on which is seated a lady wearing a soft hat is *The Century's* May frontispiece. 'Climbing Up' it is called; and it is the sixth of Mrs. Foote's 'Pictures of the Far West.' The next illustration is the kneeling figure of the Virgin from Orcagna's fresco of the 'Last Judgment' in the Strozzi Chapel, Santa Maria Novella, Florence. With this and the group from Orcagna's 'Paradise' in the same church, Mr. Cole's masterly engravings from the great Italians reach a period when the art of painting was 'capable of expressing the painter's conception to a degree unknown before. Tribute is paid to the Goddess of Timeliness by the publication of a paper on 'Samoa: the Isles of the Navigators,' by Dr. Hervey W. Whittaker, U.S.N., and one on 'Our Relations to Samoa,' by George H. Bates, who has just gone abroad as one of our commissioners to the proposed conference on the matters in dispute. Dr. Whittaker's graphic pages are crowded with reproductions of photographs of Samoan scenery and Samoan types, extracted from his own scrap-books; and portraits of King Mafetia and Vice-King Tamasese and their respective 'orators' illustrate very strikingly the text of the two articles. Mr. Bates is of the opinion that 'Germany cannot go to war about Samoa,' that if she did, 'she would have an indefensible position upon the facts.' One need not be an artist to enjoy Wyatt Eaton's reminiscences of Jean François Millet, and find amusement in the reproductions of the famous painter's outline sketches for the entertainment of his children and grandchildren. Some of the latter tell the story of Little Red Riding-Hood, and others show how a cruel man beat his horse and the horse revenged himself when a favorable moment came. 'The Sower' is reprinted from the Nov., 1880, number of the magazine; and a notable new illustration is Mr. Eaton's portrait of Millet, made partly from memory. Another profusely illustrated paper is the current instalment of Charles de Kay's series on Ireland, the monasteries being the special subject under consideration. Mr. Kennan takes a ride this month through the Trans-Baikal—the region where, not long ago, he interviewed the Grand Lama; and Edward L. Wilson still lingers, with his camera, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

In *The Atlantic* there is abundant timeliness in Wm. H. Bishop's bird's-eye view of 'A Paris Exposition in Dishabille.' Mr. Bishop recorded in the same magazine, some ten years ago, his impressions of the Exposition of 1878, and he has had the pleasure, not unmixed, of seeing other 'shows' of the same character; but he is not dangerously addicted to them, and the fact that his Paris apartment is within a five minutes' walk of the exposition buildings is to be set down as a coincidence and nothing more. The only indication in his notes that they were not written yesterday is an allusion to the possibility of Gen. Boulanger, not then a runaway, opening the Exposition as Dictator; and the statement that the Eiffel Tower yet lacks two hundred feet of its full stature. The opening chapter of 'The Begum's Daughter' show that Mr. Bynner means to let the characters in his story do their own talking: dialogue, not description, is his motto; and the conversation is life-like rather than bookish. Frank Dempster Sherman pays tribute to 'Omar Khayyam' and his translator in verses that have, besides their positive merits of grace and fancy, the negative virtue of not being modelled upon the 'Rubaiyat.' The fakir who 'from the dust in Omar's tomb' revived a Rose, now lies entombed himself.

Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No:

'Twas Omar in the Occident!

Two pages of jingling couplets describe a 'she' whom Albert Roland Haven observes walking along Broadway, sweetly oblivious of 'stare of man and woman's glance.'

A modern maid, with modern wiles,

Tricked out in old Directoire styles.

'Who is she?' do you ask again?

La Merveilleuse Américaine.

'Brandywine, Germantown and Saratoga' engage Mr. Fiske's historic mind this month; and other themes discussed by other writers are Australia, by Josiah Royce; 'trotting-horses,' by H. C. Merwin; 'The Lawyer in National Politics,' by Frank G. Cook; Motley's Correspondence, and Hopkinson Smith's 'White Umbrella in Mexico.' Mr. Aldrich is himself, in his lightest vein, in a 'Palinode' 'by a Poet brought to Book.'

Boston Letter

PERHAPS it is as well that Boston's celebration to-morrow of the centennial of the inauguration of Washington should be of a literary and historic rather than of a pageant-like character. We send to New York our two ancient military companies, one of which, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, is the oldest organization of the kind in the country. It dates back to 1638, and was, in the early days of the colony, the principal school for learning the art of war. In an old-time sermon, preached to the Company, it is said

'the natives trembled when they saw them train, and old as well as young stood still and revered them as they passed along in martial order.' As for many years, however, the 'Ancients' have done duty at the trencher rather than in the trenches, I do not anticipate there will be any trembling at their march through the streets of New York.

Another historic military company which will represent Boston at to-morrow's celebration, is the First Corps of Cadets, which dates back to 1741, and was the body-guard of the colonial Governors till 1774, when it was dismissed by Gage, who had deposed Col. John Hancock from his command for his political sentiments. One ancient official custom of the corps lingered till five years ago—that of escorting the Governor of the State to Church with the executive and legislative departments, to hear the annual election sermon. The Cadets have long been the 'swell' Boston military company, and they furnished many officers for the volunteer Northern Army in the Civil War.

There will be no military parade here to-morrow, and beyond the ringing of bells and the firing of a salute on the Common no civic celebration, but in two venerable churches the occasion will be appropriately commemorated. One of these, Christ Church, is the oldest in the city, and has an especial interest as that from which were hung out the signal lanterns which started Paul Revere on his famous ride. This church, which was erected in 1723, six years before the Old South, contains the first monument to Washington erected in this country. Here Dr. Samuel Eliot, the author of the 'History of Liberty,' will deliver an address amid the quaint surroundings of ante-Revolutionary days.

The services in the historic King's Chapel will have a peculiar interest from the fact that Washington worshipped there, and attended an oratorio which had for its object the completion of the portico. He is said to have been dressed in a black velvet suit, and to have given five guineas for this purpose. The bell of the ancient church was first tolled, as Dr. Holmes has recalled in one of his poems, as a requiem for George II., and those services in honor of the great 'rebel,' which are to be conducted by four clergymen, one of them being the venerable Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, will have an especial significance in the ancient royal church.

Cupples & Hurd are to publish in about a month 'The Siege of Syracuse,' a poetic drama in five acts, by William A. Leahy, a young man who has written some excellent poetry for *Scribner's* and other magazines. He is a Harvard graduate, and I understand is only twenty-one years old. He is now pursuing a post-graduate course at Cambridge. His subject offers fine opportunities for imaginative work, and he is said to have given a stirring picture of old Greek life, and to have imparted to his composition a good deal of lyric fervor.

The same firm will issue about the same time a large work in two volumes entitled, 'Life in Montana,' by N. P. Langford, who narrates his experiences in the Territory at the time of its original settlement, and gives vivid pictures of the scenes and characters of that primitive period. The book will be fully and richly illustrated.

A love-story entitled 'The Aspen Shade' is in the press of Cupples & Hurd, the author being Miss Mabel L. Fuller, who is so youthful that I hear some surprise is expressed that she should have written so bright and clever a book.

'Rocky's Dream,' a satire in verse, by J. C. Robinson, a business man of this city who has made a number of literary ventures, is also soon to be published by the above-mentioned firm. This 'skit' has especial reference to the big oil companies.

'An Alien from the Commonwealth; or, The Romance of an Odd Young Man,' which is to be brought out in a few days by Cupples & Hurd, deals with the ups and downs of literary life, the experiences of journalists and publishers being cleverly hit off. I hear that the publishing-house whose operations are referred to in this book—which, by the way, is written by a well-known literary man—is a leading New York establishment.

'The Sphinx of Aubrey Parish,' Mr. Chamberlain's realistic novel, is said to be in active demand, the first edition is almost exhausted, though the book has only been published about three weeks.

D. Lothrop Co. have a book in press by Rev. F. E. Clark, the devoted President of the Christian Endeavor Society, the title of which, 'The Mossback Correspondence,' is calculated to pique curiosity as to its character. Horace Lunt's volume 'Across Lots' published by the same house, is attracting a good deal of attention by its breezy description of out-door life. 'Leaves from an April Journal' and 'The Return of the Natives' are especial favorites. Prof. Boyesen's 'Vagabond Tales' have a freshness and vigor which have gained them great popularity. I hear that of the seven included in the volume, the author likes best 'A Disastrous Partnership.'

The May *Wide Awake* has a number of interesting features, among them being a long article about the 'Children of the White

House' during the Jackson administration which has twenty illustrations, a narrative by Jessie Benton Fremont of how she and the General were 'Besieged' in the early mining days in California, and a spirited article by Louise Imogen Guiney, who is an experienced pedestrian, about 'Walking.'

J. T. Trowbridge has been spending most of the month of April in Rome, whither he went from Sorrento and Capri the last of March. He was pleasantly located with his family on the Via Cavour, one of the new streets with windows commanding full views of the Piazza del Esquilino, and the immense front of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Every day, writes Trowbridge, 'we make excursions to galleries, gardens, ruins, churches (very few of these, however), sometimes hearing open-air lectures in the most interesting spots, such as the Roman Forum and the Coliseum.' The Trowbridges are now in Florence.

I hear that Mrs. Mary E. Blake, the poet, who wrote with Margaret Sullivan, author of 'Ireland of To-day,' that interesting book published by Lee & Shepard, 'Mexico, Picturesque, Political and Progressive,' will pass several months in Europe with her literary co-worker. They will travel on the Continent and do some newspaper correspondence, and perhaps map out a book or two.

BOSTON, April 29, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

London Letter

'DE MORTUIS,' etc., is usually supposed to be a hint to the enemy; but what is to be said of a man's own familiar friend—according to himself—who, all unwittingly, seems to stand in need of it? Surely one who undertakes to give to the world 'personal reminiscences' of a remarkable personage, might at least contrive to do so without blazoning forth his vices, and obtruding his weakest and least pardonable follies on the notice of mankind? Apparently M. Arsène Houssaye thinks otherwise, and Alfred de Musset suffers at his hands accordingly. In the April number of *The Fortnightly Review* we have the first instalment of five chapters of these reminiscences, and a very sorry instalment it is, sorry in its unblushing parade of evil, and still sorer in its apparent non-recognition of it. Take, for instance, that long first chapter which deals with the early days of the poet, giving in M. Houssaye's own phraseology, 'a bird's-eye view of his life of love.' His life of love! It is scarcely possible to treat seriously that period, when the youngster of whom Heine wrote that he was 'a young man with a splendid future behind him,' was the sport of hysterical, contemptible passions, following each other with such inconceivable velocity that he would seem to have been literally propelled out of the arms of one fair *inamorata* into those of another, to be not infrequently tossed back again from the latter to the former, and indeed to be at times scarcely aware to which of the two he belonged. Surely it would have been well to have let alone that phase in the life of one who need only come before the public as a brilliant, tender, and exquisitely imaginative writer; we do not desire to know, and many of us would infinitely prefer not to know about 'agonies' with which the average rational man or woman of to-day has but scant sympathy; a real, a true, a soul-absorbing passion moves our pity, even should it merit our condemnation; but Alfred de Musset's tears, tempests, hurricanes, and what not, the upstarting of his Jack-in-the-box heart at the sight of any new face that caught his fickle fancy, and the bouncing about of that heart from hand to hand till he himself scarcely knew where it was from one moment to another—in all of this there is nothing but a scene of humiliation, which rouses within us an emotion of disgust. Of the 'reminiscences' there are, however, three more chapters promised us; and as we may hope in them to learn something of the man and the poet, as opposed to the simpleton and the idler, it is just possible that the next number of *The Fortnightly* may have something better in store for us in that respect than has the present one.

The difference between genius and talent is well thought out by Dr. Charles Gibbon in his new book, 'The Characteristics of Genius,' just published. Of talent, he observes that 'its fortunate possessor does a few things preëminently well'; of genius, that he is 'possessed of a power which pervades his whole being.' There are not a few among us who will feel that in this brief summing-up lies the germ of a truth whereof we have long been dimly conscious, though perhaps it has never before been put for us into words. We know the cleverest people imaginable; people who can do almost anything; to whom achievement is as the very air they breathe, and the exercise of their splendid faculties a pure delight; yet in whom not one trace, not one spark, not one faintest flickering gleam of genius is to be discovered: while, on the other hand, there rises perchance before our mind's eye some strange spirit, unlike all about him, solitary, unpractical, possibly unproductive, probably misunderstood, yet in whose presence our secret souls own a thrill of reverence, beholding in him one of another mould, recognizing in

him an internal power which severs him from his fellowmen, dominates over every fibre of his being, and casts around him an atmosphere all his own. From such genius, if ripened and fostered, emanate the great discoveries and inventions of the world.

In spite of the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. George Macdonald, and other appreciative lecturers upon Dante, the readers of the 'Inferno' are, I suspect, few and far between, at the present time. Dr. Boyd Carpenter denominated the great poem 'an outcry of the human heart,' on Saturday last, when speaking to a select—a little too select—audience at Grosvenor House; and no doubt the term was an appropriate one; and the 'Inferno' is 'an expression of human experience, made capable of evoking an echo all through the ages, because it gives voice to that which was not merely the story of Dante, but of all earnest, human souls.' But somehow earnest, human souls have so many books to read, and so many things to do, and people to see, and places to go to in this busy, racy, work-a-day period of the world's existence, that it is only bishops 'and such' (Dr. George Macdonald in his dreamy retirement among the olive trees at Bordighera, for instance) who have time, or inclination for their 'Dante.' A season or two ago, I heard the dear, great, rugged Scotchman give his lecture on the same subject. It was very nice; I did not understand very much of it; we sat in a pleasant, shady drawing-room, rather crowded, on a hot June afternoon (which made that shady drawing-room a cool and welcome place), and Dr. Macdonald talked to us about Dante. Some of us listened—we all thought we did. It was not a long affair, leaving time for a drive in the Park afterwards, and affording a sort of superior entertainment for the country cousin, or young lady visitor, who happened to be stopping with us; and there was a charming buffet downstairs when the lecture was over; and altogether it was, as I have said, very nice. But I don't think we learned much about Dante, you know. Does one ever learn much at these most agreeable drawing-room lectures? After the Bishop had done on Saturday, up rose Mr. Gladstone, 'profoundly lamenting the decadence of Italian study,' but observing 'with much satisfaction, that the decline had not affected the study of Dante in the same manner, or degree, as it had Italian literature in general.' It may not have done so; Mr. Gladstone may be right: he knows a great deal of course; but to me it seems that lovers and students of the 'Inferno' are born, not made; that those who pore over its pages and weigh its wisdom, are the thinking few; the little band of units—if one may so speak—who have themselves a glimmer of the poet's genius, faint perhaps and unrecognized, but none the less there, and finding its proper food and nourishment in the mighty utterances to which their own spirits respond. The last 'Dante' I saw was in a shepherd's hut upon a lonely Scottish moor. It belonged to the shepherd's mother. She had once been in better circumstances, had been at a good school, and had learned French. French had been easy, and Italian had followed; and lastly she had actually mastered enough of the difficult and abstruse Italian of the 'Inferno,' to enable her to read and comprehend it. Did I say 'comprehend'? No: the 'comprehension' must have been there beforehand, ready and waiting for the match to be put to the pile. What about this as an illustration of one of 'the characteristics of genius'? The humble soul died soon after, and I never heard any more about her; but the start, the shock, the thrill that shot through my veins when I lifted that well-thumbed little volume from the window-ledge,—she had been 'cleaning,' she explained, and the books had been taken down from the shelf—shall I ever forget them?

Some exquisite productions of talent, on the other hand, are now on view at the Burlington Arts Club, Savile Row. Some two thousand miniature portraits, among which will be found pictures 'in little' of a multitude of remarkable people of all European nationalities, are gathered together. The English have ever been ranked as greatest of all miniaturists; and of their works there is a splendid and varied array. Almost every British miniature-painter, from Hilliard to Cosway, is admirably represented. Almost every well-known beauty from Emma, Lady Hamilton, down to 'Mrs. Fitzherbert's right eye' finds a place. The latter, I may remark, actually formed a complete picture. The eye alone is there, intended to be set in a locket, or ring (I was shown a ring large enough for the purpose, nearly an inch long, and surrounded by pearls, at an old curiosity-shop, soon after leaving the Club); and this to be worn by—the person to whom it was given. This fashion, set a-going by Cosway, was speedily followed; but there is no other specimen in the exhibition. How delightfully, how marvellously has the coloring in these lilliputian portraits been preserved! One fair maiden—name not given—has the daintiest, rustiest little cottage bonnet on her head (oh, so piquant and becoming!), and the cornflowers on it, and at her throat, are as fresh as if they had been gathered yesterday. Then the jewels in proud Josephine's diadem, and the glow on poor 'Perdita's' cheek! To my mind, neverthe-

less, the noble heads of some of Cooper's famous sitters in the Seventeenth Century are still more soul-satisfying than are the pencilled brows and languishing eyelids of Cosway's belles of the Eighteenth. And lastly a simple word of admiration for the broad, sketchy, and life-like touches of Comerford.

Now that photography rages around us, and every idle man or woman—to say nothing of the busy ones—must turn photographer or die, there is something pathetic, almost mournful about this little collection. Can it be that bold, scornful, self-asserting photography—a power, of course, in its way—has really contrived to 'oust' forever an art so tender, so delicate, yet so imperishable withal! I would fain hope not, I would willingly share the cheerful prognostications of the writer of the pleasing essay which acts as prologue to the catalogue at the Burlington Arts Club. 'Miniature painting,' he says, 'is still in abeyance: the tide is still ebbing: but can it be always thus? With the increased art culture and appreciation of the beautiful and true which is happily permeating the intelligent classes of the present day, it is impossible to believe that the faulty results of a mechanical process can continue to satisfy the art aspirations of the future. The sons and daughters of men are as noble and fair now, as when Cooper painted the strong men of the Seventeenth, and Cosway the beautiful women of the Eighteenth Century. With materials so worthy of the limner's skill, it can be but a question of time, when the fascinating art of miniature shall again flourish, awaking from its slumbers refreshed and renewed, striving always onward towards greater and greater perfection.' All true lovers of English art will respond, 'Amen; so be it!'

L. B. WALFORD.

The Lounger

HIS MANY admirers in this country will be glad to know that the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson's ill-health are entirely without foundation. Mr. Stevenson, according to letters received in New York last week, has not been in better health for years. When he left here he was seldom off the lounge, where he lay bolstered up with pillows, as seen in Mr. St. Gaudens's bas-relief at the Academy. Only his most intimate friends were permitted to see him, and he could never go to see them. While in the Sandwich Islands he has gone to dinners, receptions and picnics, and enjoyed himself after the manner of men who are in the best of health. This sea-faring life has done him such a world of good that he now intends going on to Australia, stopping at such islands as lie along the route. He will give up his yacht at the Sandwich Islands, and continue his voyage to Australia in a vessel that runs regularly between the two points. Mrs. Stevenson (his wife) and her son will accompany him, but his mother will return to New York when the others leave Honolulu.

HOW IT is that the irrepressible J. McN. Whistler has not got some sort of advertising out of our Centennial celebration is a surprise to me and must be a source of mortification to himself. According to the cable he has removed his paintings and etchings from the American to the English department of the Paris exhibition, where, he writes, 'I prefer to be represented.' Now why did Mr. Whistler wait until his pictures got into the American department before he spoke up? He must have known his preferences long ago, but he would have attracted no attention then by acting upon them. I forgive his eccentricities, however, when I see his work. No matter what he does—a scratch of the needle, a touch of color, a mere thumb-mark—it is all stamped with something more than cleverness—something that it would hardly be rash to call genius.

MRS. ALEXANDER has taken us into her confidence sufficiently to tell us how she writes her novels. First, she finds her heroine, usually some one whose character she adapts; then her hero. The latter is the more difficult subject, for she confesses she knows very little about men. After thinking out her characters, she proceeds to weave her plot. The process of writing she finds a slow one; she is never less than nine months in putting a story upon paper, and prefers to devote a year to the process. When her children were quite young she worked in the room where they played with their dolls. They must have been very different from a little girl I know, or they would have drawn her into the play by their artful and irresistible wiles before she had been long with them. Strangely enough, in a woman who writes so delightfully of country life, she finds it indispensable to do her writing in the city. In contact with her fellow-men she finds her best inspiration. One would fancy the author of 'The Wooing O't' writing in some quiet country house, with the 'green of England' all about her, rather than in the hurlyburly of the town.

THE LATE venerable M. Chevreul never cared for the pleasures of the palate, consequently he ate very little himself and railed at those who ate more. He considered that the Revolution did France a great evil by throwing the cooks of royalty and of the nobility out of employment, and thereby leaving them nothing to do but to open cheap restaurants and serve palate-tickling meals to the masses. M. Chevreul may have gone to an extreme in his beliefs, but it is a generally admitted truth that more illness is caused by over-eating than by under-eating. An occasional banquet will do no harm, but the nightly banqueting that is indulged in by some of our food-loving citizens inevitably tells upon them sooner or later. Unfortunately as we grow richer we give ourselves up more and more to the pleasures of the table. I am a firm believer in good cooking and think that the average American *cuisine* is enough to make a nation of dyspeptics; but beware of sauces!

ALL PARIS is wild over Massenet's 'Esclarmonde' which is not yet produced. The first night is a week off, yet seats are 'booked' beyond the fifteenth performance. They encourage native composers in France. But perhaps you will say they have native composers to encourage—in which I quite agree with you.

I MET MR. R. H. STODDARD in East Fifteenth Street last week, on his customary trip from the Century Club, at No. 109, to his home, at No. 329. I had not seen him since he left the Infirmary, and though he showed the effects of long confinement in a darkened room, and his eyes were protected by thick glasses, he seemed as vigorous as at any time for years. I congratulated him on being out and about again, and asked him whether he was able to do any reading yet. 'I manage to do a little every day,' he said—'just a little; I daren't do much.' 'And can you write?' Instead of answering directly, he pulled out of his pocket a manuscript quite as clearly written as he was in the habit of writing before his eyes gave out. I congratulated him again. Half a block farther on, I met Mrs. Stoddard; and the delight her countenance expressed when she spoke of her husband's improved condition and restoration to liberty was more eloquent than words.

OUR friends from the country, I observe, show a natural predilection for the top of the Fifth Avenue stages, when engaged in sight-seeing in the Piccadilly of New York. They see more than their friends who are cooped up in the stages not provided with seats on top; but those of their number who care for curiosities of literature would be infinitely diverted by a notice to passengers affixed to the front of the smaller stages. It confronts the passenger as he climbs into the stage, but in type so small as not to attract everyone's attention. This is the way it reads: 'Safety requires that the stage be at a full stop before alighting.' This linguistic gem was printed before the chief owner of the line became a journalist. Now that he has become an expert in the use of the Queen's English, we may look to see the placard revised.

'FOR PORTRAITS of Bright,' says 'G. W. S.' in the *Tribune*, 'you must go to the photographers. There are several photographs which are excellent. Engraved on wood in the English illustrated papers, they are considerably less excellent. Sir John Millais painted him, but the portrait is not one of his best. . . . It has been engraved, and most of the better qualities of the picture have disappeared in the engraving. . . . The late Frank Holl painted him, and that, too, was a picture which had its admirers, yet falls far short of justice to the subject. . . . A very good bust of him by Mr. Boehm is in the possession of Lord Rosebery, for whose sake Mr. Bright consented to sit to the sculptor.' Two and a half years ago, when J. W. Alexander, the painter, was in England, he arranged with Mr. Bright for sittings for a portrait to be engraved as a frontispiece for *The Century*. The work was to have been done at the orator's home, 'One Oak,' at Rochdale; but a friend of the artist's fell ill, and he had to take him away, and so the picture was never painted.

IT WOULD have been gratifying to the pride which all true Americans feel in their great English champion of *bellum* days, if the painting that best preserved his noble lineaments had been the work of an American brush. Here would have been an instance of poetic justice tuned to a different key from the Senate's decision that it was 'inexpedient' to regret the death of one of America's staunchest friends.

I MET A GENTLEMAN in the street, the other day, who said 'Come in here, and see a little book I've just bought.' We turned into a bookstore at the next corner, and he called for his new purchase. It was a little leather-bound volume containing Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' printed in London in 1636 by 'I. H.,

and bound by Bedford. The salesman who handed it to me remarked that the only other perfect copy of the edition was in the British Museum, and consequently not purchasable. I looked in the catalogue of 'rare and choice books' that lay on a counter near by, and saw that the price of the handsomely bound booklet was two thousand dollars. 'I am not a collector of Shakespeare,' said the happy owner of the 'Venus,' 'for the reason that I can't afford it. The first four Folios alone would cost—what *would* they cost, Mr. —?' (addressing the salesman). 'A perfect set, if you could get one,' was the reply, 'would be worth at least \$10,000.' 'Big figures, these,' I reflected as I went out, leaving the book-buyer behind me to arrange for a leather case for his *trouvaille*. But now I pick up *The Pall Mall* and read of a missal given by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. of England, and by Charles II. to the ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton whose library was sold a few years ago, and learn that for this one volume the German Government, its present owner, paid \$50,000.

IT IS AMUSING to read the following in one of our 'great dailies': It is not generally known that New York claims as a resident as *direct a descendant of Gen. Washington as any other now living*. She is Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. Mrs. Van Dyke was a Miss Reid, of Baltimore, and is a great-granddaughter of Gen. Washington's sister.

'As direct a descendant of Gen. Washington as any other now living,' forsooth! As if any one could be 'descended' from a man who left no children. Mrs. Van Dyke is, according to the above statement, a great-grand niece of the Father of his Country; but a man's nieces are no more his descendants than one's uncle is his ancestor. A writer for a 'great daily' should be less slipshod in the use of the vernacular.

IS IT a fact, or a fair presumption, that every lady who gives an entertainment in her own house desires to have the thing reported in the daily papers? or is the afternoon newspaper guilty of an impertinence that sends the following circular to Mrs. This, That, and the Other?

If you will kindly send us notice of any entertainment given by you, and your list of invitations a few days in advance, we shall be pleased to publish them together with any particulars as to Toilettes and new features with which we may be intrusted, and also afterwards to publish an enjoyable account of the affair.

As I have known of several social events of a most interesting and fashionable character occurring in this city during the present season, of which not the barest mention has appeared in print, I think it fair to infer that there are some hostesses in New York who do *not* care to have their 'list of invitations' published, with or without 'particulars as to Toilettes and new features,' or any 'account of the affair,' whether enjoyable or otherwise, given to the world. There may be only ten such; but ten good men would have saved the Cities of the Plain.

The Fine Arts

The Prize Fund Exhibition

THE PRESENT exhibition at the American Art Galleries is uncommonly interesting as containing several works by young artists which show more than ordinary promise, and because of the very good average maintained. Hopelessly bad pictures are in a very small minority. The one considerable piece of sculpture, a figure of more than life-size intended for the tomb of ex-President Arthur, is a work of substantial merit. The gesture with which this largely moulded and majestic impersonation of grief turns partly round from the sarcophagus on which one arm still rests in order to call attention to it, is a truly sculptural conception. If well carried out in the marble it ought to put its author, Mr. E. Keyser, in the front rank of our sculptors. Of the painters, passing by several clever young men who do ample credit to their excellent French training, we would single out Mr. George De Forest Brush's 'The Moose Chase' as an American picture—American in subject and feeling that is, not, we hope, in style. There is much that is admirable in the resolute way in which the subject is handled, none of its difficulties shirked, no detail omitted; but if we do not mistake, Mr. Brush will yet come to paint similar subjects with much less appearance of labor and with more regard to the decorative side of his art. Still, this scene of savage life, on this lake in the wilderness, with its setting of rocky bluffs and mist-wreathed mountains, is something to be thankful for. It is a particularly bold attempt to express what has never yet been adequately put upon canvas, the peculiar wildness of scenery like that of parts of the Adirondack region and much of northern Maine and Canada. Another prom-

ising work, perhaps more promising because it cannot be regarded as at all satisfying—is Mr. H. R. Poore's 'Night of the Nativity.' There is nothing startlingly novel in the subject or its treatment, but the ambition and the energy needed to carry a man only half way through his studies with any sort of credit out of such an undertaking should not be underrated. This crowd of shepherds on a rising ground under the night sky is well composed. Individual figures are well painted. Nothing appears to be borrowed from either old masters or modern. With time and hard work we would say that Mr. Poore will yet make a reputation as a painter. Should the visitor wish to turn from these incomplete victories to some full and assured success, Mr. Henry O. Walker's 'Votive Youth' going naked to his doom astride his donkey, offers a feast for the eyes in its graceful contours, refined coloring and exquisite balance of light and dark masses. It is a beautiful little picture, worth going to see again and again.

Art Notes

THE Thirteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts shows that institution to be, if not in a very flourishing condition as to funds, at least in good working order. Work is proceeding on the new building, and the Executive Committee still hope to secure by subscription or donation enough money to complete the quadrangle. Several valuable gifts have been made to the Museum, and its officers have wisely secured a goodly share of the recent finds of ancient art-works in Rome and Naucratis. The print department has held several loan exhibitions, and has started a collection of specimens of modern photo-engravings; and the Curator, Mr. R. S. Koehler, reports progress in the arrangement of the larger collections and in their cataloguing.

—The closing exercises at the Metropolitan Art School were held last Saturday. Addresses were made by Henry G. Marquand and Robert Hoe, and prizes were awarded pupils of the several classes.

—An exhibition of American paintings will be held at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries early in September.

—The Duc de Dürcal, says the *Times*, 'has determined to leave his pictures in New York, to be disposed of gradually by private sale. The great "Boar Hunt," by Snyders, is already sold, together with the fine portrait of Christ, assigned to Quentin Matsys, and "The Soldiers Gambling on a Drum," by Salvator Rosa. The Murillo, "Virgin of the Carmelites," and the "St. Luke Painting the Virgin and Child," by Rogier van der Weyden, are under negotiation.

—The Gotham Art Students, an organization for giving good art instruction at low rates, has been unfortunately obliged to close its doors and sell its goods and chattels in order to pay its bills.

—The distribution of prizes at the National Academy occurred last week. All exhibitors of the season took part in the balloting. The Thomas B. Clarke prize of \$300, for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, went to Irving R. Wiles, for his painting entitled 'Sonata.' The first Hallgarten prize, \$300, for the best picture in oil colors, painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age, was awarded to R. V. V. Sewell, for his 'Sea Urchins.' The second Hallgarten prize \$200, offered under the same conditions, went to Kenyon Cox, for his 'November.' The third Hallgarten prize, of \$100, was carried off by F. Benson's 'Orpheus.' The Norman W. Dodge prize, \$300, for the best picture painted by a woman of the United States, was given to Ella Condi Lamb, for 'An Advent Angel.'

The Washington Centennial

CERTAIN portions of the exercises by which, on Tuesday last, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's Inauguration was celebrated in this city, come fairly within the scope of a literary journal like THE CRITIC. The brilliant yet dignified oration of Chauncey M. Depew and the timely, grave and eloquent admonitions of Bishop Potter were not of this class; but the fine commemorative ode by John G. Whittier and James Russell Lowell's scholarly and acute response to the toast of 'Our Literature' were. We publish both of these in full. The poem is entitled 'The Vow of Washington':

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were the United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!

How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's.

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told,
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretence that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the Nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypriess and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

The sentiment appropriate to the toast 'Our Literature,' to which Mr. Lowell responded at the Centennial Banquet, was written by Richard Henry Stoddard. It was as follows:

The welfare of a people, small or great,
Depends upon the State,
Whose ample laws they justify, because

They help to shape those laws.
 Their glory rests on letters, which create
 A more enduring State;
 For what is best remembered among men
 Is not the sword, but pen.

Mr. Lowell spoke as follows in reply to the above toast and sentiment:

A needful frugality, benignant alike to both the participants in human utterance, has limited the allowance of each speaker this evening to ten minutes. (Laughter.) Cut in thick slices, our little loaf of time would not suffice for all. This seems a meagre ration, but if we give to our life the Psalmist's measure of seventy years, and bear in mind the population of the globe, a little ciphering will show that no single man and brother is entitled even to so large a share of our attention as this. (Laughter.) Moreover, how few are the men, in any generation, who could not deliver the message with which the good or evil genius has charged them in less than a sixth part of an hour.

On an occasion like this, a speaker lies more than usually open to the temptation of seeking the acceptable rather than the judicial word. And yet it is inevitable that public anniversaries, like those of private persons, should suggest self-criticism as well as self-satisfaction. I shall not listen to such suggestions, though I may not altogether conceal that I am conscious of them.

I am to speak for literature, and of our own as forming now a recognized part of it. This is not the place for a critical balancing of what we have done or left undone in this field. An exaggerated estimate, and indiscriminateness of praise which implies a fear to speak the truth, would be unworthy of myself or of you. I might, indeed, read over a list of names now, alas, carved on headstones, since it would be invidious to speak of the living. But the list would be short, as I could call few of the names great, as the impartial years measure greatness. I shall prefer to assume that American literature was not worth speaking for at all, if it were not quite able to speak for itself, as all others are expected to do.

I think this a commemoration in which it is peculiarly fitting that literature should take part. (Applause.) For we are celebrating to-day our true birthday as a Nation, the day when our consciousness of wider interests and larger possibilities began. All that went before was birth-throes. The day also recalls us to a sense of something to which we are too indifferent. I mean that historic continuity, which, as a factor in moulding National individuality, is not only powerful in itself but cumulative in its operation. In one of these literature finds the soil, and in the other the climate, it needs. Without the stimulus of a National consciousness no literature could have come into being, under the conditions in which we then were, that was not parasitic and dependent. Without the continuity which slowly incorporates that consciousness into the general life and thought, no literature could have acquired strength to detach itself and begin a life of its own.

And here another thought suggested by the day comes to my mind. Since that precious and persuasive quality, style, may be exemplified as truly in a life as in a work of art, may not the character of the great man whose memory decorates this and all our days (applause), in its dignity, its strength, its calm of passion restrained, its inviolable reserves, furnish a lesson which our literature may study to great advantage?

And not our literature alone. Scarcely had we become a Nation when the only part of the Old World whose language we understood began to ask, in various tones of despondency, where was our literature. We could not improvise Virgils or Miltons, though we made an obliging effort to do it. Failing in this, we thought the question partly unfair and wholly disagreeable. And indeed it had never been put to several Nations far older than we, to which a *Vates Sacer* had been longer wanting. But, perhaps, it was not altogether so ill-natured as it seemed, for, after all, a Nation without a literature is imperfectly represented in the Parliament of Mankind. It implied, therefore, in our case, the obligation of an illustrious blood. (Applause.)

With a language in compass and variety inferior to none that has ever been the instrument of human thought or passion or sentiment, we had inherited also the forms and precedents of a literature altogether worthy of it. But these forms and precedents we were to adapt suddenly to novel conditions, themselves still in solution, tentative, formless, atom groping after atom, rather through blind instinct than with conscious purpose. Why wonder if our task proved as long as it was difficult? And it was all the more difficult that we were tempted to free ourselves from the form as well as from the spirit. And we had other notable hindrances. Our reading class was small, scattered thinly about the seaboard, and its wants were fully supplied from abroad, either by importation or piracy. Communication was tedious and costly. Our men

of letters, or rather our men with a natural impulse to a life of letters, were few and isolated, and I cannot recollect that isolation has produced anything in literature better than monkish chronicles, except a Latin hymn or two, and one precious book; the treasure of bruised spirits. Criticism there was none, and what assumed its function was a frothy mixture of patriotism and incompetence. Above all we had no capital toward which all the streams of moral and intellectual energy might converge to fill a reservoir on which all might draw. There were many careers open to ambition, all of them more tempting and more profitable than the making of books. Our people were of necessity largely intent on material ends, and our accessions from Europe tended to increase this predisposition. Considering all these things, it is a wonder that in these hundred years we should have produced any literature at all; a still greater wonder that we have produced so much of which we may be honestly proud. Its English descent is and must always be manifest, but it is ever more and more informed with a new spirit, more and more trustful in the guidance of its own thoughts. But if we would have it become all that we would have it be, we must beware of judging it by a comparison with its own unripe self alone. We must not coddle it into weakness or willfulness by over-indulgence. It would be more profitable to think that we have as yet no literature in the highest sense, than to insist that what we have should be judged by others than admitted standards, merely because it is ours. In these art matches we must not only expect, but rejoice, to be pitted against the doughtiest wrestlers, and the lightest-footed runners of all countries and of all times.

Literature has been put somewhat low on the list of toasts, doubtless in deference to necessity of arrangements; but perhaps the place assigned to it here may be taken as roughly indicating that which it occupies in the general estimation. And yet I venture to claim for it an influence (whether for good or evil) more durable and more widely operative than that exerted by any other form by which human genius has found expression. As the special distinction of man is speech, it should seem that there can be no higher achievement of civilized men, no proof more conclusive that they are civilized men, than the power of moulding words into such fair and noble forms as shall people the human mind forever with images that refine, console and inspire. (Applause.) It is no vain superstition that has made the name of Homer sacred to all who love a bewitchingly simple and yet ideal picture of our human life, in its doing and its suffering. And there are books which have regenerated nations. It is an old wives' tale that Virgil was a great magician, yet in that tale survives a witness of the influence which made him, through Dante, a main factor in the revival of Italy, after the one had been eighteen, and the other five, centuries in his grave.

I am not insensible to the wonder and exhilaration of a material growth without example in rapidity and expansion (applause), but I am also not insensible to the grave perils latent in any civilization which allows its chief energies and interests to be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of a mundane prosperity. 'Rejoice, young man, again I say rejoice; let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but remember that for all these things God will call thee into judgment.' (Applause.)

I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our multiplicity of resource, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious success, but that nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census, which does not acknowledge a true prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the rounds are made of that ladder by which men or nations climb to the fulfilment of their highest purpose and function.

The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly. We cannot say that our own as yet suffices us, but I believe that he who stands a hundred years hence where I am standing now, conscious that he speaks to the most powerful and prosperous community ever devised or developed by man, will speak of our literature with the assurance of one who beholds what we hope for become a reality and a possession forever. (Long applause.)

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the following sentiment for the toast 'The United States of America,' to which President Harrison responded:

Sceptres and thrones the morning realms have tried;
 Earth for the people kept her sunset side.
 Arts, manners, creeds the teeming Orient gave;
 Freedom, the gift that freights the reflux wave,

Pays with one priceless pearl the guerdon due,
And leaves the Old World debtor to the New.

Long as the watch-towers of our crownless Queen
Front the broad oceans that she sits between,
May her proud sons their plighted faith maintain,
And guard unbroken Union's lengthening chain,—
Union, our peaceful sovereign, she alone
Can make or keep the Western world our own!

'The People of the United States,' the toast to which ex-President Cleveland was called upon to respond, was written by George William Curtis:

Not a mob, nor an oligarchy, nor a class; but the great force of American patriotism, conscience, intelligence, energy and industry, the only sure foundation of States, the sole hope of the Republic; of which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are the truest types in American history.

President Eliot of Harvard spoke to the toast 'Our Schools and Colleges,' for which Acting President Drisler of Columbia had written the following sentiment:

Established by the wisdom and foresight of the founders of our Nation; the support and stay of civil and religious liberty; they should be jealously guarded and fostered as the dispensers of virtue and intelligence, on which depend the welfare and perpetuity of our Republican institutions.

There was no pithier or more pointed sentiment than the following from John Quincy Adams, for the toast 'The Presidency,' responded to by ex-President Hayes:

May the good people of these United States never weary of searching for a second Washington to fill the place.

The Hon. John Bigelow has kindly taken the trouble to copy out and send to us Bryant's poem, 'The Twenty-Second of February,' of which he says:—'Nothing better, more Homeric, has been written about Washington than the last three verses. Though written only eleven years ago, it seems already to have been forgotten; for while the literature of all the world has been ransacked by the press for tributes to his memory on this centennial anniversary, not a print has recalled this noble poem—the noblest, probably, that was ever written by any man who had passed the eightieth year of his age.' We reprint the poem in full:

Pale is the February sky
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings in its annual round the morn
When, greatest of the Sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

President Barnard of Columbia

PRESIDENT BARNARD of Columbia College, who died last Saturday afternoon, would have been eighty years old to-morrow. Though he had been seriously ill but a short time, he had experienced for fully a year past the physical 'labor and sorrow' which the Psalmist predicates of old age. His death was painless and peaceful. Since Dr. Barnard's resignation of the Presidency last May, his place has been filled by Prof. Drisler; but his resignation was not accepted, and would not have been, it is understood, until his

twenty-fifth year of service was completed, during the present month. Frederick Augustus Porter Barnard was the distinguished educator's full name. He was descended through his father, State Senator Robert Foster Barnard of Sheffield, Mass., from Francis Barnard of Coventry, Eng., who came to America in 1636; and through his mother, Augusta Porter of Salisbury, Conn., from John Porter, also an Englishman, who came over from Warwickshire some ten years earlier. He was a diligent reader in his boyhood, and mastered Latin and Greek at an early age; but his strongest leaning was toward mechanics, the construction of mechanical contrivances being his favourite occupation and recreation. His education, begun at Sheffield, was continued at Saratoga Springs and Stockbridge; and at fifteen he entered Yale. During the two years that followed his graduation he was an instructor at the Hartford Grammar School. Deafness was hereditary in his family, and while holding this position he had an attack of illness which permanently impaired his hearing. At twenty-one he was teaching at Yale; at twenty-two at the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb; and at twenty-three at the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in this city, where he remained for five years. He then studied theology for a year, and in 1837 was made Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa; twelve years later he was transferred to the chair of Chemistry and Natural History. While living at Tuscaloosa he prepared, by request, a report to the Legislatures of Alabama and Florida which determined the boundary dispute between the two States. In 1858 he accepted a chair at the University of Mississippi at Oxford, but soon afterwards exchanged his professorship for the Presidency. In 1862 he left the South, and became Director of the Map and Chart department of the Coast Survey. Two years later, in May 1864, he was called to the Presidency of Columbia College. It was his chief ambition to make of this Institution a true university.

At twenty Dr. Barnard published a 'School Arithmetic' which was placed on the list of books required for admission to Yale, and throughout his long and multifariously active life he continued to turn out text-books, pamphlets on educational and other subjects, lectures, addresses, and magazine and newspaper articles with an abundance that indicated the singular strength and vigor of his mind. One of his most useful works was a simply arranged perpetual calendar. Dr. Barnard never lacked the courage of his convictions, whether as a Unionist in the South, a believer in co-education, or an opponent of the Blair scheme for pauperizing the Southern States. On these last two subjects he spoke, with his customary emphasis, in the columns of this paper. He was President of the American Metrological Society; President, for six years, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; one of the incorporators of the National Academy of Science; and a member of various other learned societies. He was one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1867. Jefferson College gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1844, and Yale in 1848. In 1861 the University of Mississippi made him a D.D., he having taken orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Regents of the University of New York in 1872 honored him with the degree of L.H.D., and in 1878 Kings College, Canada, made him a D.C.L.

At New Haven, in his early youth, Dr. Barnard formed the friendship of John G. Whittier. In 1870, when Mr. Whittier's 'Miriam' appeared, it was found to be dedicated to his old friend. President Barnard's wife, who survives him, and to whom he professed to owe very much of his success, was Miss Margaret McMurray, daughter of Robert McMurray, originally, of Cumberland, Eng.

The Trustees of Columbia have given their sanction to the proposed Barnard College for women, which is to be an annex to Columbia. Barnard College is to have the same professors and instructors as Columbia, and there its connection begins and ends. The Trustees of the proposed institution will raise the funds to pay all their own expenses, and they are given four years in which to show what they can do. There seems to be little doubt of their signal success. The following are the Trustees of Barnard College:—Mrs. Francis B. Arnold, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, Miss Helen Dawes Brown, Mrs. W. C. Brownell, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Frederick R. Coudert, ex-Judge Noah Davis, Hamilton W. Mabie, Mrs. F. J. H. Merrill, Mrs. Alfred Meyer, George Plympton, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. Augustus Shepard, Francis Lynde Stetson, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Mrs. James Talcott, Miss Ada Ward, Everett P. Wheeler, Miss Alice Williams and Mrs. Francis Fisher Wood.

MR. WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE

In a letter to the editors of THE CRITIC, Mr. Whittier writes: I have just heard of the death of President Barnard. It ends, so far as this life is concerned, the unbroken friendship of sixty years

which has existed between us. I knew him first as a tutor in Yale College, and afterwards in Hartford, Ct., when he was a teacher in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in 1830-31. I was at that time the editor of *The New England Review*. We became strongly attached friends. A scholar of rare acquirements, brilliant, graceful and handsome, surrounded by admirers of both sexes, he was unassuming and unpretentious, and bore himself then, as ever after, as a perfect gentleman. He wrote occasionally for my paper in prose and verse. I remember one or two imitations of Hafiz and other Persian poets, full of grace and rhythmic sweetness. Had he devoted himself to literature, I am sure he would easily have won high distinction. But he decided otherwise, I think wisely. His life work as an educator cannot be too highly estimated, for none was ever more faithfully and successfully performed. He leaves behind him a noble reputation, and will be followed to his rest by the love and reverence of all who knew him.

AMESBURY, 30th April, 1889.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We republish here Mr. Whittier's dedication of 'Miriam' to his life-long friend:

The years are many since, in youth and hope,
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.
Now, with gray beards, and faces seamed with scars
From life's hard battle, meeting once again,
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so vain;
Knowing, at last, that it is not in man
Who walketh to direct his steps, or plan
His permanent house of life. Alike we loved
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved
To measures of old song. How since that day
Our feet have parted from the path that lay
So fair before us! Rich, from lifelong search
Of truth, within thy Academic porch
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,
Thy servitors the sciences exact;
Still listening with thy hand on Nature's keys,
To hear the Samian's spherul harmonies
And rhythm of law. I, called from dream and song,
Thank God! so early to a strife so long,
That, ere it closed, the black, abundant hair
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and spare
On manhood's temples, now at sunset-chime
Tread with fond feet the path of morning time.
And if perchance too late I linger where
The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees are bare,
Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely blame
The friend who shields his folly with thy name.

AMESBURY, Tenth Month, 1870.

Notes

'A WOODLAND WOING' is the title of a posthumous volume by 'Eleanor Putnam,' the talented young wife of Arlo Bates, which Roberts Bros. will soon publish.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Emerson in Concord,' by Edward Waldo Emerson; 'The Story of William and Lucy Smith,' by George S. Merriam; 'Picturesque Alaska,' by Abby Johnson Woodman; a revised edition of 'Noted Names of Fiction,' by William A. Wheeler; a fourth edition, revised, of 'Jones on Mortgages,' by Leonard A. Jones; Whittier's 'Tent on the Beach,' in the Riverside Literature Series; and Mrs. C. V. Jamison's 'Story of an Enthusiast,' in Ticknor's Paper Series.

—At the sale of the Robert Lenox Kennedy library last week, a First Folio of Shakspeare was sold for \$1400, to a purchaser whose name was not made known. Mr. Pope of Brooklyn paid \$475 for 'Purchas, His Pilgrims,' for which Mr. Kennedy had given \$750. A Hardouin missal of 1514, bound by Clovis Eve, brought \$340.

—Dr. Amelia B. Edwardes will deliver her first lecture in this country at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Nov. 7. Dr. Richard S. Storrs will preside.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Korbay will give a song and piano recital at Chickering Hall on the evening of May 6th. The names of these musicians on a program are a sufficient guarantee of an evening of good music, and the mere announcement of their concert should serve to fill the hall.

—Carl Rosa, whose death, at Paris, at the age of forty-six, occurred on Tuesday, was well known in this country. He came here first as the violinist of a concert company, and added to his fame by marrying that popular and delightful singer, Parepa, afterwards called Parepa-Rosa. After his marriage Mr. Rosa or-

ganized an opera company which included his wife, Adelaide Phillips, Santley, Wachtel and Ronconi—a combination which always packed the Academy of Music to the limit of its capacity. In 1875 Mr. Rosa organized an English opera company in England, and had since done much toward raising the standard of English opera in that country, proving, amongst other things, that Wagner could be sung in the vernacular as successfully as Balfe. His company was always composed of good singers and an excellent orchestra, which he led himself.

—A thorough journalist and genial gentleman is lost to the newspaper world by the death of David G. Croly, who was born in New York in 1829, educated here, and here followed his vocation. Mr. Croly was engaged at various times upon the *Post*, *Herald*, *World* and *Graphic*, and contributed regularly to other papers. While a reporter on the *Herald* he married Miss Jennie Cunningham, better known, perhaps, by her pen-name, 'Jennie June.'

—Last but not least important of the twenty-five volumes of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' is an analytical index, forming a complete guide to the sixteen thousand or more separate articles in that storehouse of special research and general information. Each of the twenty-four preceding volumes is separately indexed, but a general guide was none the less needed; and its preparation has enabled the compiler to refer the reader to recent volumes in which subjects discussed in earlier ones are treated of supplementally under later letters of the alphabet; as Congo under Zaire, Zambesi and Zululand, and Electricity under Telegraph, Tramway, etc. The fact that much additional information, relative to discoveries and inventions of recent date, are contained in the closing volumes of the Encyclopædia makes this an important merit of the index. Some conception of the thoroughness of the work may be got from the statement that it embodies over 80,000 entries.

—We said last week that Dr. Robinson's 'Laudes Domini' was 'not arranged for the use of Sunday-schools.' For 'not' read 'now.'

—An interesting lecture on 'Greece in 1889' was delivered at Association Hall, last Saturday afternoon, by Mr. D. N. Botassi, the Greek Consul-General in New York.

—Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches, collected, edited and annotated by Louis J. Jennings, M.P., formerly of *The New York Times*, have just been published by Longmans. In the introduction Mr. Jennings draws a parallel between Lord Randolph's political career and that of Disraeli. The same house will soon publish the life of C. B. Vignoles, an English engineer who surveyed and mapped the State of Florida some sixty years ago, and aided Ericsson in building the 'Novelty' as a rival to Stephenson's 'Rocket.'

—The return of Miss Rosina Vokes and her company of comedians is a thing to be grateful for. If one wants an evening of hearty enjoyment, he has only to go to Daly's Theatre to get it. The 'fun' furnished by this company is unadulterated with coarseness. It is fun for fun's sake, and after the horse-play and inanity that pass for wit and humor on so many stages, it is a treat to be able to laugh with a clear conscience. The best acting is done by Miss Vokes and Felix Morris, two comedians of a high order of merit. Miss Vokes herself is well-known and universally appreciated. Her high spirits and vivacity are as attractive as her art is admirable. She has all the dash and *finesse* of the lighter French actress without any of her less refreshing qualities. As for Mr. Morris, he is one of the best comedians we have seen for years. He is equally good in his characterization of the poor old French aristocrat and of the belligerent young English clodhopper. Such acting as his is not often seen on our boards nowadays.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Barnard, Charles. My Handkerchief Garden. 25c E. H. Libby.
Crozier, John B. Civilization and Progress. 2s. Longmans, Green & Co.
Greville, Henry. Nikanor. Tr. by Eliza E. Chase. 50c.

Horace: The Odes, Epodes, Satires and Epistles. 75c. Rand, McNally & Co.
Hutson, Charles W. A History of French Literature. \$1.10. John B. Alden.
James, Henry. A London Life. \$1.30. Macmillan & Co.
Jerry, and Other Stories. 25c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Juliet, F. de. Mlle. Solange, Tr. by A. I. Eaton. 25c.

Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Lubbock, Sir John. The Pleasures of Life. Part II. 60c. Macmillan & Co.
Merriman, H. S. The Phantom Future. 35c. Harper & Brothers.
Montgomery, D. H. French History. \$1.25. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Niagara, Fifth Annual Report of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at.

Henry G. Gregory.
Oliver, N. T. Alameda. 25c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Schmidt, F. L., Jr. An Object in Life. 60c. Fowler & Wells Co.
Smith, Mary S. Lang Syne; or, The Wards of Mt. Vernon. 60c. John B. Alden.
Valentine, Jane. Time's Scythe. 25c. Cassell & Co.
Wentworth, G. A. Algebraic Analysis. \$1.60. Boston: Ginn & Co.